

THE MAN HIGHER UP

By Henry Russell Miller. Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs Merrill Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Bob McAdoo, fatherless waif, runs away from home and becomes a news boy and mail carrier in the Steel City. He lives with policeman Finn.

Bob becomes a hero in the ward and when Haggins threatens to take his friend, Jim McAdoo's job from him, Bob decides to fight the political boss of the ward.

McAdoo whips Haggins, a prizefighter and saloonkeeper, and becomes boss of the fourth ward. MacPherson, of the Citizens' party, seeks his aid.

Bob saves the life of Eleanor Gilbert, sister of Henry Sanger, the steel king, but is hated by her and with contempt he negotiates with MacPherson.

His support elects the Citizens' party ticket. Kathleen Finn helps to educate him. McAdoo is cold and heartless, and power is the only thing he loves.

Paul Remington, young politician, proposes an alliance with McAdoo, who rebuffs him. McAdoo quarrels with MacPherson.

Remington fights McAdoo politically and is beaten. McAdoo then accepts him as his first friend. Remington sees the "lady of his dreams."

Remington promises Kathleen he will always be her faithful supporter. Remington is elected to the legislature. Mrs. Dunneade, wife of the governor, seeks McAdoo's aid.

McAdoo becomes more honest and poses as a reformer. He fights the railroad and steel interests and attempts to become a statesman.

One of McAdoo's lieutenants bribes delegates, and Bob takes the blame. He refuses to resign and drives quickly.

McAdoo decides to run for mayor. Eleanor Gilbert hears Remington's name and is disappointed.

McAdoo, jealous of her power over Remington, sends her a letter. She writes her Remington is restless because McAdoo does not help him more.

McAdoo's hatred for Eleanor Gilbert is so strong that he discards Remington in his infatuation. She refuses. She then learns that McAdoo was the man who saved her life.

Sanger waded his hand carefully. "Tentatively, tentatively only, Mr. McAdoo. Hereafter I propose to be more active and to better effect. I hope. Certain ventures in which I am interested, individually and in connection with other large investors of our state, make this imperative. Unfortunately in the present campaign I find myself compelled to oppose your election. I regret it exceedingly, and frankly, I'm here to propose that we work in harmony in the future."

"That comes rather late."

"Please don't refuse until you have heard me out. Allow me to explain our position. For several years certain gentlemen, all large investors, have kept William Murchell in power in this state at considerable expense to ourselves. In return we had the right to demand protection for our interests. Murchell, however, has of late proved very ungrateful. He has passed under the influence of John Dunneade. Dunneade, Mr. McAdoo, is a dangerous man, an utter radical, an impracticable dreamer, a man of socialist tendencies. His influence in our politics is a menace to individual property rights. My dislike of Dunneade is only political. His wife is my cousin. I myself never allow personal considerations to influence business policy. We are determined that Murchell and Dunneade must go out of politics completely."

"Humph! How are you going to do it?"

Sanger smiled confidently. "We shall find the means. Two years from now a new governor, legislature and United States senator must be elected. They must be absolutely independent of Murchell and Dunneade."

"But not independent of you?"

"Precisely. Which brings me to your case. Permit me to say, Mr. McAdoo, I have a deep admiration for you. You have a remarkable genius for politics. You can be very useful to us, and we can be very useful to you. If you are elected, which is by no means assured, the city organization will be absolutely under your control. With this city and our share of the country districts and Adolphus, which you must admit we already control, we are certain of setting Murchell and Cousin Dunneade aside. I suggest," he concluded, "that you come in with us."

"Purely out of philanthropic belief in the sanctity of individual property rights, I suppose?"

"Not at all. We don't demand disinterested motives. In fact, we should

expect the sincerity of such motives if alleged. We expect to make it worth your while. We will, to begin with, contribute liberally to your campaign funds."

"As liberally as you have already contributed to Harland's fund?"

"You are well informed," Sanger said, his face betraying surprise.

"It's my business to be well informed."

Sanger eyed Bob narrowly before continuing. "That proves the propriety of my next suggestion. We will put you in Murchell's place as state leader."

Kathleen started, her work arrested.

"Upon the condition, of course, that you will secure us the protection and legislation we desire," Sanger continued.

"And as a guarantee of our good faith we will consent to your friend Remington as next governor."

"Consent? I thought you were to make me boss."

"Of course we should have to be consulted in all important nominations."

"Then you don't propose to give me the free hand you gave Murchell?"

"Frankly, no. We can't take that risk again with any man."

"No, Mr. Sanger," Bob answered coolly, "you're not frank. You have told me nothing I didn't know or suspect. You personally were responsible for the nomination of Harland with the one intention of breaking me. But you don't believe he will be elected. And that's why you come to me. Your offer isn't honestly made, Mr. Sanger."

"My dear sir," Sanger protested earnestly, "the word of a gentleman!"

"The word of you gentlemen of finance," Bob interrupted, with a sneer, "is worth just what it has to be worth."

"You are unjust," Sanger answered with untroubled serenity, "but I'll not argue that. The last two years have cost you more than \$200,000. Four years more would see you bankrupt."

"There is, of course," Sanger continued significantly, "your friend Remington to be considered. If I may judge from appearances he is exceedingly anxious to marry my sister. I can't answer for her—that is, absolutely. But it isn't impossible that she should come to share his feeling. Of course I couldn't be expected to approve of a match with one who is trying to injure me."

Kathleen saw Bob's face light up queerly. "Like you, I don't allow personal considerations to interfere with business policy," he said impassively.

"Think it over. The matter doesn't require immediate adjustment."

Bob rose to end the interview. "I can give you my answer now," he said coldly. Then he saw Kathleen looking up at him eagerly, proudly. His face relaxed in a whimsical smile.

"What shall we say, Kathleen?"

"Will you let me answer for you?"

Bob nodded. Kathleen looked at him long and searchingly. Then she arose and turned to Sanger, who also was on his feet.

"Mr. McAdoo says," she spoke quietly, "that to try to bribe him through his friendship is useless, because his friendship is sincere. Nor does your offer of state leadership tempt him. Mr. McAdoo is pledged to certain policies which he couldn't carry out if he joined you. He will keep his word. Mr. McAdoo says also that if you oppose Governor Dunneade and Mr. Murchell he will support them to the end. Your money may win out, but there are worse things than losing a good fight, Mr. Sanger. One of them is dishonest victory."

Sanger smiled. "And are these views yours also, Mr. McAdoo?"

Bob's answer was quietly spoken. "Miss Finn overstates my motives, but as for your proposal and my support of Murchell and Dunneade, she is quite right."

Sanger shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "I was quite sure of it before I came. I don't know just what you want, Mr. McAdoo. I only made the offer because it was urged upon me by others who are in this with me. My own policy is to break, not buy off, opposition."

He bowed gracefully to Kathleen. "There can be no doubt as to the genuineness of your motives, Miss Finn. Good night. I'm sorry the outcome of the scrimmage must be disappointing to you."

Bob followed Sanger into the hallway and silently watched the millionaire don his overcoat. As he was pulling on his gloves Sanger remarked:

"It's a good thing for us, McAdoo, that you haven't fooled the world as you have Miss Finn. It's a better thing that you aren't what she thinks you are. There is only one person in the world that I fear—the fanatic. He possesses moral passion. Moral passion is as uncertain and therefore as dangerous as lightning or women. You haven't it."

"Good night," Bob answered as he held open the door.

When he returned to the library Kathleen was sewing quietly once more.

"Well," he remarked, sitting down, "as Paul would say, I have burned my bridge behind me."

"What a shame he is so conscienceless! He has such nice manners."

"Humph! You women are all alike—judging a man by his outside. I don't like an assassin any better because he stabs me politely. I hate to say it of any man, but he is almost worse than I am."

"And now," he added, "he has given me my warning. Sooner or later their

factious about indignation and its relief. That should interest you. Although indignation and dyspepsia are so prevalent, and people do not thoroughly understand their cause and cure. There is no reason why most people should not get anything they desire—if they will only chew it carefully and thoroughly. Many actually starve themselves into sickness by eating every good-looking, good-smelling, and good-tasting food, because it does not agree with them. The best thing to do is to fit yourself to digest any good food.

We believe we can relieve dyspepsia. We are so confident of this fact that we guarantee and promise to supply the medicine free of all cost to every one who will use it. It is not perfectly new, but it is the result of the latest science. We exact no promises, and put no one under any obligation what ever. Surely, nothing could be fairer. We are located right here and our reputation should be sufficient assurance of the genuineness of our offer.

If you are troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia in any form to come to our store and buy a box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets. Make them home and give them a reasonable trial, according to directions. Then, if not satisfied, come to us and get your money back. We will not ask you to take; they aid to soothe the irritable stomach, to strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, and to promote a healthy and natural bowel action, thus leading to perfect and healthy digestion and assimilation.

A box of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets furnishes 15 days' treatment. In ordinary cases, this is sufficient to produce a cure. In more chronic cases, a longer treatment, of course, is necessary, and depends upon the severity of the trouble. For such cases, we have a larger size which will last for 30 days. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at our store. The Rexall Store. Kelly & Palford, People's Drug Store, 227 San Antonio.

THE RHOJ. "Jealousy," the strong emotional picture acted solely by Miss Florence Turner, the Vitagraph Girl, will be exhibited at the Rhio tonight for the last time. No one should miss this finished piece of acting, the marvellous story, a marvellously romantic picture of the Philippines. "By the Camp Fire's Flicker" will be part of the program, from 5 to 11.

GRAND OPERA TONIGHT. The first grand opera concert of the season is programmed for tonight at 7:30 o'clock at the W. G. Wals Co. These Victorrol concerts are a feature of the winter entertainment, and have been well attended. "Lucia de Lammermoor" and other Italian operas will be given tonight. The singing machine wareroom of the W. G. Wals company, at 103 1/2 P. M. street, The concert is at 7:30 P. M. Bring your request numbers," says Mr. Wals, "and they will be played."

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Health and Beauty Advice

BY MRS. MAE MARTYN.

Mrs. D. T.: No, you are not too old to regain your charming complexion, even though your face is wrinkled and beset with enlarged pores and blackheads. You can clear up and improve your complexion best by using the following greaseless cream-jelly: Mix together two teaspoonfuls glycerine, one ounce almond oil and a half pint cold water. Stir and let stand a few hours before using. This cream-jelly is unequalled for freshening up a dry, rough skin, and accomplishes wonders in eradicating wrinkles, blackheads and freckles. After using this almond jelly only a short time you should find a great improvement in your complexion.

Rose: You must be a pitiful sight to look upon, with so much burdensome fat instead of denying yourself the food you crave and undergoing tortuous exercises, try this harmless remedy: Get four ounces of paraffin at any drug store and dissolve it in a pint and a half of hot water. Take a tablespoonful before each meal, and your fat will disappear in a month. Receive many letters from those who have tried this simple, inexpensive remedy telling me what a grand thing it is. It cuts down fat rapidly and leaves the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

Mrs. E. B.: Ignorance is the only acceptable excuse for a head of poor hair. With but a little care you can have just as nice a head of thick, lustrous hair as your daughter. In the first place, never wash your hair with soap, as the alkali in soap destroys the hair, making it brittle, short, streaky and lifeless. Try shampooing about twice a month with a teaspoonful of centrox dissolved in a cup of hot water. The abundant lather cleanses perfectly, rinses easily and dries quickly. You will soon notice your hair getting thicker, longer and taking on that beautiful healthy look no more desired and you will no longer be bothered with dandruff.

Jean: Any amount of cold creams and the like will not take the pimples and that sallow look from your face. What you need is a good blood purifier and strengthening tonic. Get an ounce of karsene and a half pint alcohol at your drugstore; mix these with a half cup sugar, then add enough hot water to make a quart. Take a tablespoonful of this tonic before meals and you will

soon regain your lost appetite, sleep soundly at nights and feel energetic. In a few weeks you will have a good healthy color in your face and be feeling fine.

Society Bud: No, there is no way to change the color of your eyes, but you can easily make them clear, sparkling and beautiful by using in each eye twice daily a few drops of a soothing tonic, made by dissolving an ounce of crystals in a pint of water. This strengthens weak, tired eyes and removes all inflammation. For granular lids and other eye-troubles, it is an unfailing remedy. Many oculists use this tonic with excellent results and wearers of glasses find it a big help.

G. A.: Powder will not correct a sallow skin. If you wish to tone up your complexion and give it that much desired smooth, velvety look, use a lotion made with four ounces of apricot dissolved in a half pint hot water with two teaspoonfuls glycerine added. You will find this lotion inexpensive and a sure remedy for freckles, tan and skin roughness. It takes away that sallow, shiny look and does not show on the face or rub off like powder. I find face powder very harmful to the complexion, as it clogs up the skin pores and causes rough, wrinkled faces.

Faye: Unless the electric needle is tended by an expert, of which there are comparatively few in the country, you cannot permanently rid the skin's surface of that dowdy growth. A simple, yet effective treatment consists of applying a delicate paste to the offending hairs, and in a few minutes the minutes the paste rubs off and the skin. You can get powdered delatone at the drug store, an ounce of which costs a dollar, but this cost is trifling as a little of the delatone and water to make a paste does the work quickly and well.

A. L. C.: Don't worry, for modern science has given us a remedy for hair and scalp troubles that is simply wonderful in its remarkable effects. Get from your druggist a half pint alcohol and one ounce quinquina; mix together in a bottle then add a half pint cold water. Although it is a very simple, inexpensive remedy, this tonic rubbed into the scalp about twice a week eradicates dandruff, stops itching of the scalp, and checks falling hair quickly. It keeps the scalp in a healthy condition and promotes a vigorous, natural growth of glossy hair.

You won't let me speak of that. Today I'm possessed of a thousand devils. Sing."

He opened a sheet of music before him and struck into the accompaniment, and Eleanor, standing where she was, sang.

Eleanor Gilbert could sing, and that afternoon she sang as she had never sung before, for in her singing that day she found expression for what she had never quite dared to put into words—the longing for something higher and better than had yet come into her life to fulfill the ultimate woman's mission, a longing which of late had been growing more and more poignant within her. As she sang her heart flooded with kindness toward the handsome, romantic young man before her.

"I wish," she thought once when at the end of a verse the organ took up the refrain—"I wish I were your mother. I wonder can this be the beginning of love—and for you?"

Song followed song until at length Paul turned from the organ and faced her.

"Thank you," he said simply.

She rested her elbows on the back of the chair, folding her hands and dropping her chin on them.

"How are those devils now?"

"Gone, every one of them. You're the most eminently satisfactory person in the world. I came here restless, morbid, filled with dismal forebodings. You sing—the devils flee."

He folded his arms contentedly.

"By the way, when are you going to let me propose?"

"Must I ever let you?"

"It is inevitable that I shall propose sooner or later, whether you consent or not. But I prefer to do it under the most propitious circumstances."

"They say you can judge of love by the sacrifices it is willing to make. What would you give up for me?"

"What would I give up? Everything."

"Everything" is a big word, my friend," she answered skeptically.

"Let's come down to facts, as Henry would say. Friends?"

He covered his face with his hands.

(To Be Continued.)

influenza will get me unless some miracle hastens a popular revolution—or unless I start grafting again."

"Have you stopped, then?"

"I haven't made a penny out of politics in the last six years."

"And you won't begin again?" She did not ask a question.

"No." His tone was curiously regretful. "I won't. I used to, without a thought. But now I hate the notion. I don't understand it."

CHAPTER XV. TEMPTATIONS.

PAUL REMINGTON impatiently

lunged aside the book he had been trying to read. It was

Sunday, and to Paul the first day of the week was always distinctly oppressive.

"It's no use. This day has got on my nerves. The time when myself and my dreams were all the company I needed is gone. I haven't seen her for two days, and I can't wait another day, another hour, another minute."

A half hour later Paul was ushered into the Sanger drawing room. Eleanor not appearing at once, he wandered through an open door into the music room, at one end of which had been installed a small pipe organ.

And Paul of the many talents, without being a great musician, knew how to make the organ respond to his soul's mood. He seated himself and began to play. His finger gradually took form in a passionate, solid gust of melody that filled the big house. Then the stormy mood died away, and the organ sang a weird minor refrain. Eleanor, entering unobserved by the player, stood leaning against a chair near him, regarding him with an odd look in which admiration and pity, perhaps a shade of contempt, mingled.

At last, without turning, or ceasing his playing, he spoke. "I can't see you, but I know you are there."

"Lawyer, politician, orator, musician—the gods have been good to you," she murmured quizzically.

"Yes," he answered, with a trace of bitterness. "Jack of all trades and master of none, but first and above all Mrs. Gilbert's most sincere devotee. I'm constant in at least one thing—But

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A LITTLE DANDERINE WILL MAKE YOUR HAIR LUSTROUS, SOFT, FLUFFY, ABUNDANT

Get a 25 Cent Bottle Now and Forever Stop Falling Hair, Itching Scalp and Dandruff

If you Wish to Double the Beauty of your Hair in Ten Minutes surely Try a Danderine Hair Cleanse